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T H E

Humours of Greenock Fair;

OR, THE

TAYLOR MADE A MAN.

A MUSICAL INTERLUDE.

As it was performed at the THEATRE in
GREENOCK, with universal Applause.

Written by A. M'LAREN.

PAISLEY:

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M.DCC.LXXXIX.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LIEUT. STARBOARD,	Mr. WELLS.
BOATSWAIN BINNACLE,	Mr. NEWBOUND.
TOM SPRITSAIL,	Mr. HOLLIDAY.
JACK RATLIN.	Mr. HAMILTON.
TIMOTHY DROUTHY,	Mr. ROSS.
HIGHLAND BOATMAN,	Mr. M'LAREN.
JOE PIMPLE,	Mr. BIGGS.
POLLY,	Mrs. HAMILTON.
MRS. DROUTHY,	Mrs. CUTHEL.
MRS. PIMPLE.	Mrs. NEWBOUND.

T H E
Humours of Greenock Fair.

S C E N E I.

A View of Sir John's Brae.

P O L L Y.

WELL, let them go to their fair and
their dancing, for my part, I can
take no pleasure in their diversions; but,
if my Jamie was not so far away, I cou'd be
as happy as the best of them.

S O N G.

Tune, Jean of Aberdeen.

YOUNG Johnny bade me to the fair,
In hopes to ease my cruel pain,
But how cou'd I take pleasure there,
When my dear Jamie's o'er the main.
Blow fair betimes, soft rising gale;
Kind Neptune, smoothe the raging sea;
My prayer shall fill each spreading sail,
And bring my Jamie safe to me.

Two weeks are now elaps'd, and more,
Since Jamie promis'd to be here;
Each morning's dawn I tread the shore,
In hopes to meet him on the pier.

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Sometimes, to soothe my black despair,
 I cast my eyes towards the sea——
 The tide is full, the wind is fair,
 But no dear Jamie comes to me.

Near Kempock's point, what's that I spy?

(A ship appears.)

A ship—she flies before the wind——
 Her sails are full, she's drawing nigh,
 His well-known bark it is I find.
 Ye weeping maids of Greenock town,
 Whose lovers went with Jame to sea,
 Dry up your tears, haste and come down,
 To welcome them on shore with me. *(Exit.)*

S C E N E II.

A View of the Battery.

*Jamie, Boatswain Binnacle and other Sailors
 landing from a Boat.*

Jam. Come, come, my hearts of gold!
 once more we are upon our native shore.
 Come, messmates, let's crowd all the sail we
 can, this is a fair-day in Greenock.

Boatsf. By Jove! and so it is, messmate!
 Look a-head there, my boys, don't you see
 that there pretty, little, tight vessel, making
 for the town? Smite my limbs, but there's
 a whole fleet of them! Shall we give them

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chace? (*country lasses cross the stage*) perhaps we may make a prize of some of them.

Jam. You may: for my part, my dear Polly has got me in tow.

A. I. R.

Come, come, my jolly hearts,
Twelve months are past
Since here we hoisted sail;
Then on the shore my Polly stood—
Alas! at last
Her crimson cheek turn'd pale—
We clear'd the land—she wav'd her hand,
With streaming eyes—Her heaving sighs
Soon swell'd the rising gale.

CHOR. Come, come then, bear a-hand,
From distant shores
We bring rich stores,
To bless our native land;
When the Clough we pass,
Each bonny lass,
Comes smiling to the Strand.

Tho' raging storms a-while
Affail'd our fleet,
We now are safe on shore;
Then swell each breast with joy, brave boys,
Soon we'll meet
Our charming girls once more.
For Greenock town let us bear down;
We'll dance and sing, and presents bring
To the girls we do adore.

CHOR. Come, come then, bear a-hand.

Enter Polly, running to Jamie.

Poll. My dear Jamie, welcome to my arms!

Jam. Thank you, thank you, my dear Polly! What cheer? what cheer? how goes it with all our acquaintance?

Poll. They are all well, except poor Joe, my brother; he is lately married, but does not live quite so happy as we cou'd wish.

Jam. Odso, poor Joe! I'm sorry for that. But here's my messmate, Boatswain Binnacle, as 'cute a dog as ever crack'd a biscuit: he's a 'cute dog, and seldom or never out of his reckoning.

Boatsf. Ay, ay, my hearty! I must give Joe a spell; he may be a good man enough, though no seaman; besides he must be a devilish clever fellow that can make a good voyage through the sea of Matrimony.

Jam. Come then, my dear Polly, let's bend our course for the town. I long to drink ~~a~~ cann with my old acquaintance, since this is a fair-day in Greenock.

[Exeunt Sailors huzzaing.]

SCENE III.

*Pimple's House.**Mrs. Pimple entering.*

Joe Pimple! I say, Joe! where are you? I wish I had you by the lug, I wad gar you hear me. (*Enter Joe Pimple.*) Where ha'e ye been, ye drunken profligant?

Joe P. Ne'er heed that; I'm here now.

Mrs. P. Ye're here now! ye may tell a fool that.

Joe P. Sae I do.

Mrs. P. What do ye say, ye sniveling rascal? (*Drum and fife behind*) Preserve me! there a' the Trades gaun through, and you minding naithing.

Joe P. Weel, let them gang.

Mrs. P. What! do ye begin to shoot out your horns again.

Joe P. Na, gudewife, I doubt it's you that gars my horns shoot out.

Mrs. P. Gi'e me nane o' your mashene language—But I'm very weel serv'd for ha'ing ony thing ado wi' the like o' you. It's weel ken'd I had better kail in my cog, and ne'er pric'd them.

S O N G.

SURE people may think that I was in drink
To wed sic a pitiful creature :

There was Duncan M'Dan, a properer man,
Sure never was form'd by nature ;

There was sweet Donald Blue, and Jock from
the plew,

And Jamie the sprightly young sailor—

When I think upon that, will I bide so much
chat,

Frac a sneaking bit brat of a Taylor?

Then do what ye can, ye ninth-part of a man,
I'll make you obey my command, Sir,

(Joe smiles.)

What the plague! do ye sneer? Joe Pimple,
come here;

I wonder what keeps aff my hands, Sir.

(Beats him.)

Do ye grumble at that, ye finged-like cat?

Then ye may ken, to your sorrow,

That tho' I delay to liek you the day,

You'll be sure to get it the morrow. *(Exit.)*

Joe Pimp. I doubt I will.—Weel marriage
is an awfu' thing; it brings down the stout-
est heart amang us a'—and yet other great
men ha'e been ruin'd by women as weel as
I. There is Mac Anthony (I think they
ca'd him) was ruin'd by a filthy quean, ca'd
Clumpatra; and there was Sampson, wha was

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a man, may be, as strong again as I am, and yet he lost ilka hair o' his head through the means o' his sweetheart. But we need na gang sae far frae hame; for there was Tam Boikin, my brother-'prentice, though it was allowed that he cou'd sew as muckle as any other twa men, yet he never drew a firm steek since he was married. Hey, ho, hum! hum ho! They're a' gude lasses, but whar come a' the ill wives frae? "Mony nights ha'e I spent in courting,—mony nights ha'e I spent in vain—but, gin e'er I was to be unmarried—'od I'se warran' I'd ne'er sae mony again." Hey ho, hum! [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Timothy Drouthy and Clumps, with a Mob following.

Tim. Oh, neighbour, what is life without our pleasure—and yet a' the pleasure we ha'e on earth is no worth a snuff o' tobacco. Now, tell me gin ye had a fa'se friend, wha had made ye expose yoursel' amang a' your acquaintance; that had robb'd ye o' every babee ye had in the world, and made ye gang wi' a ragged coat when ye might ha'e had a beal ane, wad ye no despise and forsake sic an acquaintance?

B

Clump. I wad make an aith to drap his acquaintance, neighbour.

Tim. Sae ha'e I done mony times; and yet, atter a', I'm sic a gude-natur'd devil, the moment I look him in the face I forget a' the ill he's done me, and cou'd lay him next my heart.—There he is (*pulling out a bottle*) the smiling, deceitfu' rogue! that first fleeches you, and then dings you in the gutter. Oh, neighbour, do ye ken what first set me a-drinking?

Clump. No.

Tim. Then ye maun ken that I'm a devilish clever fellow in the main, but the world is sae stupid, nae body takes notice o' me; nae body offers me a glafs o' whisky. Now, says I to mysel', I'll be mair generous than my neighbours; I winna let sae muckle merit be neglected, and sae I began to treat mysel'

Clump. And a wise man were ye.

Tim. To be sure! for gin we ought to reward merit in others, why shou'd we neglect it in oursel's? Charity begins at hame.

Clump. Very true, neighbour.

Tim. And yet there's nae perfeccion on this side o' time. What a great fool was I

to lang sae muckle, a' thae four owks, for this fair; for now when 'tis come, what has it brought me! To be sure it has brought the bottle four owks nearer my head, but it has brought my head four owks nearer the grave—(*pauses and looks serious*) and yet what's life without our pleasure?—(*looks chearful, and drinks.*)

Enter Mrs. Drouthy, and snatches the bottle from him.

Mrs. Dro. Oh, ye rogue! have I catch'd you? Gae out of my sight this moment——
(*She beats him, he runs from her, and drags Clumps after him, the mob having sewed them together.*)

Clump. Hoolly, hoolly! neighbour.

Tim. D. Hoolly! By my faith, it's no time to be hoolly! they maun run fast that the Devil drives,

Clumps. And they maun run fast too that the Devil drags. [Exeunt.

Mrs. Drouthy alone.

Let me see what kind of drink the rogue uses—(*drinks*)——Wae worth him! that nasty Highland whisky frae Paisley-----'od I've a mind to smash it to the grund---and yet it's a pity to spill the gude creature-----

(drinks)---I cou'd never bide whisky, and yet through perfect spite I have a mind to drink every drap o't-----Mean-spirited beast! to keep such low-lit'd company. There's the woman o' the next house, she's never sober -- --*(drinks)*---Awa'! awa'! the tae ha'f o' women is a disgrace to the tother. I'm sure I've aften said, and I'll maintain it, that a drunken woman is the hind-end of a'---
(flammers off, the bottle at her mouth).

S C E N E V.

Joe Pimple's House.

Boatswain Binnacle, Jamiè and Joe, sitting at a Table, Glasses and Bottles before them.

Jam. Come, my hearts! overhaul your glasses. Boatswain, you know how to steer your course in this here business; and, Joe, I hope you understand the signal?

Boatsf. Ay, ay, my cock; but where is this here Landlady?

Joe P. Oh, she canna be far lost! I aye find her out by the noise o' her tongue, as the blind man fand the mill by the sound o' the clapper. Gude forgi'e the man that first shap'd out our marriage. I may say he has recommended me to a job I will not easily get the better o'.

Boats. Come, come, Joe, cheer up, my boy, we'll make her tack about, I'll warrant. There is a measure——

Joe P. Mr. Binnacle, dinna talk to me o' measures, I ha'e ta'en mony ane's measure, but gin it werethe will o' Fortune that I were to take her measure in the kirk-yard, oh, wi' what pleasure wou'd I carry hame my wark.

Jam. Well, well, messmates,——

I must go and speak to Polly. *[Exit.*

Joe P. Weel, that loves an awfu' thing, but I ha'e na been in love mysel', since the second day after I was married; and yet I've had my day amang the lasses; shame fa' them, poor things; mony a fair heart did I gi'e them, but our Meg has bouch'd my affection, but she shanna lead me by the nose any longer.

Enter Mrs Pimple, takes him by the nose, and leads him down the Stage.

Mrs P. Ye winna be led by the nose! your betters ha'e been led by the nose by their wives, and never had the impudence to complain, faucy rascal! You're a pretty merchant indeed! to break thro' a custom that's been carried on, gude kens how long.

Boats. Come, Mistress, fetch us some porter.

Mrs P. Joe, do ye hear the gentleman?

Joe P. Yes. (*he goes and brings a bottle.*)

Boatsf. Why don't you bring a mug.

Joe P. Gosh keep us! that's true.

Goes out and returns with a mug without the bottle.

Boatsf. Where the devil have you stow'd the bottle, Joe?

Joe. Weel, gin e'er I saw the like o' this! Now, I just set it down while I was looking for the mug, and shame fa' the cat, gin it has na gane out o' my head as clean's a leek. But I'll bring it. (*goes and returns without mug or bottle.*) Gentlemen, has ony o' you got a screw?

Boatsf. A screw! Smite my limbs, Joe! where's the bottle and mug?

Joe P. Ods clippings and patches! Weel gin I ha'e na carried them in a mistake to the next room, to Donald Blue, Jamie the Gyte, Mr. Balaam, Satan, Curly Rae, and twa or three other gentlemen. Weel, Mr. Binnacle, before I was married, I was as sharp as a needle, but now I'm grown as stupid as a goose.

Mrs P. Then ga'e out of the room this minute, wi' your needles and your guse, ye gander. Gae out, I say.

Boats. Come, come, mistress, you must not carry so much sail, you must tack about, or I'm afraid you'll get upon a lee-shore.

Mrs. P. Lie ashore!—Gi'e me nane of your palavers, ye can lie at sea as weel as we can lie ashore.

Boats. Zounds! mistress, if I had the command of you, split my jaws, I wou'd keel-haul—but I'll say no more.

Mrs. P. Kill all! troth, I think, you say enough.

Boats. Poor Joe! better for you be condemned to stand the watch every night, for five glassess.

Mrs. P. Five glassess! gad he thinks little o' ten glassess. It was but yesterday I catch'd him at the whisky bottle, de'il be in his wame, I'fe warran' he sucked out a chappin.

Boats. Zounds, mistress, I find you can't sound the depth of my lingo. (*noise without.*)

Mrs. P. Bless me! there's the whisky brewer coming to seek filler, but you think o' naething but drinking, and leave me to defraud a' the expence o' the family, and I'm obliged to crave what you trust too. I'm sure I ha'e run about this week, eight or nine days successsfully, and cou'd na get a farthing.

Enter Whisky Brewer and Highland Boatman.

Highb. B. How do you, Mr. Pimmal, mo chulain goalich. What you no understand that chulain goalich, you're fine whelp.

Joe P. Fine whelp! de'il speed your manners.

Highb. What did I put anger on you. Oh loah mo chriodh, Mr Pimmel.

Joe P. What do you say? speak English.

Highb. I say a laoh mo chriodh, that's you're good calf.

Mrs. P. Good calf, gae out o' this house, Sir.

Highb. Oh gi'es a pardon, Mrs. Pimpall, I love speak Earse, that I no forget. Mo bheoch boch'd

Mrs. P. Beo Bo. What's that?

Highb. Beoch boch'd, that is, you're a poor beast, Mrs Pimpall.

Mrs. P. Poor beast! ye rascal, ye shoud be lick'd till the very dogs wou'd pity you.

Highb. The dogs pity me! ha he, he! cod they're no so tender hearted more than yoursel', Mrs. Pimpall.

Mrs P. Ye rascal! I'll make you eat your words before you leave this house.

Highb. Eat my words! ha, ha, he—a Highlandman eat his words! cod I rather fast this fortnight.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Highb. Are you making a laugh upon my languash? damme, if I sink you give me any of your shaw, I make my stick dance a shig upon your skull.

Boat. you! you lubber!

Highb. Come, come, friend, help me knock him down.

Whisk. B. No, no; I never list my hand to any body. I make my whisky knock them down. Ha, ha ha!

Mrs. P. Poor beast indeed! my faith, I canna say the lave o't. Oh gin my brother the imposter, at London; or my cousin, the malefactor, at Glasgow, were here—I was never so used in my life time, for it is weel kenn'd, wherever I was, I was exteem'd by auld and young, and had aye the reprobation o' my neighbours. But, Joe, it is a' your wite.

Boat. Indeed, Mrs Pimple, I believe Joe does not deserve so good a convoy.

Mrs. P. Gi'es nanè o' your palavers, ye blockhead! ye canna speak a mouthfu' o' sense.

Boat. He does not deserve so good a wife.

Mrs. P. Oh, is that what you mean, Sir, Troth I see you're a lad that ken something o' the world.

Boat. He ought to be brought to the gangway.

Mrs. P. Oh no, Sir, you need na gang away yet; I like to talk wi' a sensible man.

Boat. And as he is of no use in this house, I'll soon clear the deck of such lumber. [*Whistles. Enter the Press gang.*] Come, messmates, take this here lubber on board, a trip or two to sea may make something of him.

Mrs. P. A trip to sea! oh dear, our Joe is japann'd, our Joe is japann'd—You rogue, why do you bring a press-gang here? Does the king allow you to part any honest man and his wife for naething.

Boat. Oho! is the wind shifted at last? well, mistress, down upon your marrow-bones, and own that Joe is your commodore, your admiral, your Lord and master, and we won't take him.

Mrs. P. Wae me! I'm unco unwilling to do that, and yet, if they take him awa' I'll break my heart; for then I shall hae naebody to put out my anger upon. (*kneels.*)

Boat. Now, repeat my words—I promise to be a loving and affectionate wife.

Mrs. P. I promise to be a loving and affectionate wife.

Boat. To live in subjection to my husband, as every honest woman ought.

Mrs. P. To live in objection to my husband, as every honest woman ought.

Boat. And to assist him in every thing that's lawful.

Mrs. P. And to resist him in every thing that's lawful.

Joe P. Ods clippings and patches! while she is down, keep her down, till she own I am a man.

Mrs. P. Weel, Joe, I own you are.

Joe P. And that a taylor is as gude as another man.

Mrs. P. Weel, sae I do.

Joe P. Weel, weel, I ask nae mair, (*embrace*) and sorrow rive their chafts that say otherwise; for there's mony ane o' them wad make but a very scurvy figure, gin it was na for the taylor, and now gin I had the rascal that first threw such a scandalous reflection upon our trade, I wou'd clip his ears. And I'm sure I cou'd do it. For a

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man that gets the better of an unruly wife,
need na be afraid to face any thing.

Mrs. P. And now gin any body wou'd
make a poet or a sang upon us, to teach a'
wives never to conspire to o'er muckle
power, for fear, that, like the dog in Hy-
slop's Fable, they lose the substance for the
shadow.

Enter Jamie and Polly.

JAMIE. Joe, I give you joy; and Boat-
swain, I overheard all you said, and since
things are so well settled, let's make a day
of it. To-morrow, my dear Polly and I
shall take a trip to the church, where the
parson shall moor us in the happy harbour
of Matrimony.

Boat. With all my heart.

FINALE.

Boat. Come now, my boys, let us rejoice

Since all disputes are over,

And Joe, you'll find your wife more kind,

And you must always love her.

'Tis all in vain, to live in pain,

Or yield to grief and sorrow.

Then let's be gay, perhaps we may

Not live to sing to morrow.

CHORUS. Come drown each care, enjoy the fair,

And swim in midst of pleasure;

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An easy mind you'll always find,
The height of worldly treasure.

JAMIE. Let flowing Clyde, fair Scotland's pride,
Be prince of every river,
And Greenock town rise in renown,
For ever and for ever.

May your ships, at sea, protected be
In midst of storms and dangers;
May your trade extend to the world's far end,
Among both friends and strangers.

CHORUS. Then drown each care, &c.

POLL. May no sad care come ever near
Your honest hearts to vex you,
No loss of wealth, nor want of health,
Have power to perplex you.
With our true friends whom we wish best,
We humbly beg to rank you;
For favours past, and for this last,
With grateful hearts we thank you.

CHOR. Then drown each care, &c.

MRS. P. Now we'll conclude our Interlude,
Too long I fear we've teaz'd you;
Each fault forgive, for, as we live,
'Twas our design t' have pleas'd you.
The author owns he fears your frowns
For what he has come short in.
Then ladies smile, his fears beguile,
And so we'll drop the curtain.

CHORUS. then drown each care, &c.

*A dance, after which Joe Pimple is carried
off in triumph.*

Enter Critic and Author.

AUTH. Well, Sir, you have seen my piece ?
I shou'd be glad to have your opinion of it.

CRITIC. My opinion is, that it is most
wretched stuff, quite low ! cursed low ! What
did you mean by bringing in your High-
land Boatman, and your Whisky Brewer ?
They are no way necessary in the plot, if
you have any plot ; tell me why you have
brought them to your fair ?

AUTH. Sir, if you wou'd take the trouble
to ask half the people at a fair what brought
them, I believe they cou'd scarce answer
you, then how the duce do you imagine I
should.

CRITIC. In one word, I think nothing at
all of it.

AUTH. Well, Sir, I'm not the first whose
labour has ended in nothing at all. Mr
Wells, will you please to favour us with the
song I wrote upon that subject.

S O N G.

(Set by Mr Wells.)

WHEN Yankie took first in his head to rebel;
We did our endeavour his fury to quell;
Great armies, like mushrooms, sprung up with
surprise,

At first we seem'd doubtful to credit our eyes,
Swift transports with legions skipt over the main,
Some thousands were wounded, some thousands
were slain;

At last what remain'd, we were forc'd to recal,
Pray what made we of it?—Just nothing at all.

The lawyer, good man, at his client's command,
By the help of a fee takes his business in hand;
He enters his process, and then works away,
And heaps new expences on't day after day.
At last, when some twelvemonths are over and
gone,

To the client's great joy, the cause may be won;
When charges are settled, his comfort's but
small,

Pray what are his profits?—Just nothing at all.

Bill Slim wrote a challenge and sent to Tom
Spark,

To meet him next morning by five in the park;
For 'twas his opinion that he wou'd not come,
But, oh! the dear boy was mistaken in Tom.

When Bill saw him coming, his courage soon fled,
Tom cou'd not persuade him to pull out his blade;

He then did so kick him, and beat him and maul,
Poor Billy soon wish'd he'd—wrote nothing at all.

Since the world's full of nothing, ye kind judging
powers, *[to the audience.]*

Be pleas'd to forgive this poor nothing of ours ;
Since nothing from nothing must certainly come,
He's nothing that wrote it, 'tis thought so by
some :

Then nothing we'll add but a line or two more,
So speak of our gratitude, then we'll give o'er ;
We wish that success may attend on you all,
And when we wish less,—we'll wish nothing at all.

F I N I S.